

PEPITA'S METHOD

By ELINOR MARSH

Bob Henderson—Bob is now a man of seventy—went out west to New Mexico when that region was occupied by all sorts of persons, from an illiterate "greaser" to a money making merchant. Bob had been well brought up and on coming of age inherited some means, which he concluded to invest in a new country.

He had not been in New Mexico quite long enough to be keenly alive to the danger of offending any one of the rough element inhabiting it when an incident occurred which caused him to forget caution. He was sitting in an armchair on a sidewalk in front of a hotel when a little Mexican girl approached him, offering to sell him fruit. He bought a couple of oranges, for which he paid a quarter, declining to accept the change. Then the girl went to a man standing near with her wares. Instead of buying of her he gave her a cuff.

Henderson, who had grown to manhood with the idea that a man who would tamely refrain from the protection of woman was not entitled to respect, made a jump for the brute and knocked him down. The man managed to get his hand to his hip and drew his revolver, but Bob was too quick for him and, wrenching it from him, turned it against him.

There was some talk between the two. A crowd collected, and the child told the story of what had happened. Then a citizen of the place who was somewhat prominent said to the man who had practiced the brutality:

"Jim Cundiff, you get out of this town. We've had enough of you here and don't want any more. If you're seen around here in two hours from now you'll be brought before the committee to be tried for several affairs that have been overlooked. If you trouble Mr. Henderson you'll swing."

Cundiff understood this perfectly. He dared not remain in the town, and he dared not injure Henderson—that is, he dared not injure Henderson openly. He went away, but resolved upon "doing" his enemy in a way that would not render him liable to punishment.

A month passed, and the incident was forgotten by all except Pepita, the little Mexican girl whom Henderson had championed. Now and again she would approach him with an offer of some choice fruit, for which she would not permit him to pay. Bob at first refused to accept the gift, but the child's eyes filled with tears, and he reconsidered his refusal.

One day Pepita, while walking on the street peddling fruit saw a man ahead of her whose walk was familiar to her. Surely no one but Jim Cundiff had that walk. Hurrying on, she passed the man. He wore a white beard and to a casual observer was an old man. Cundiff was a young man. The little girl was not deceived. The man was Cundiff.

As he passed along the street no one recognized him. Pepita pretended not to do so. She held her basket of fruit toward him. He looked down at her, started at seeing her, but moved on without a word. Then Pepita dropped behind without intimating that she even suspected his identity. But she shadowed him, for her little brain was fine enough in texture to know that he had come to town in disguise to "get" her champion. She was not long in deciding that she would continue to watch him.

That day Henderson was away from the town, having ridden to the county seat to perfect the titles to some property he had purchased. He returned at sunset and spent the evening with a family from the east who had recently located in the place. At 11 o'clock he went to the little house where he lived and to bed. At 12 he was awakened by an exclamation without, followed by a string of oaths.

By this time he had learned that the most important article to a citizen of that country was a revolver. Springing out of bed and catching up his weapon from under his pillow, he opened the door. The moon was at the full, and by its light he saw a man struggling to free his arms from something that pinioned them.

"Drop him!" cried a child's voice, and Pepita, pulling on a rope, appeared some ten or twelve yards from the man. She had thrown a lariat over him and had caught him about the body, inclosing his arms. Henderson did not take in the full meaning of the situation, but he realized enough of it to run to the man, put the muzzle of his revolver to his ear and call on him to cease struggling. A man living next door to Henderson, hearing the fracas, appeared, and soon others came to learn what was going on. Meanwhile a white beard had fallen off the captive and displayed his features.

"Why, it's Jim Cundiff!" said one of the group.

The fate of Cundiff when it was learned that he had returned to murder Henderson was not long in being decided. He was visited with the punishment that had been promised in case he attempted to harm Henderson. As to the little Mexican girl who had invented her own method of capturing her champion's would be murderer, she was adopted by the town. But Henderson insisted on providing for her himself. He settled an annuity upon her which enabled her parents to send her to school, and when she grew to womanhood she married a well to do man of her own race. So long as she lived she was noted for her exploit, and it is one of the traditions of the town in which she made herself famous.

Million Houses Needed.

London, Aug. 24.—The joint committee on labor problems after the war is pressing for an immediate decision as to the government's housing policy and declares that 1,000,000 houses ought to be completed within four years from the declaration of peace. The cost is placed at £250,000,000, including a sinking fund to repay the whole debt within 60 years.

WILSON KEEPS HANDS OFF

President Is Not Inclined to Oppose Radical Legislation

GREAT INCOMES TO BE CONSCRIPTED

The House Is Likely to Follow the Lead of the Senate

Washington, D. C., Aug. 24.—Information from trustworthy sources that President Wilson will keep "hands off" the revenue legislation are accepted at the capitol as a plain indication that the administration favors some increase in the surplus income and war profits taxes. The Lenroot amendment, already adopted by the House, increasing the income taxes over those recommended by the committee on ways and means, has been approved by the Senate, which also has accepted, without even a division, the amendment of Senator Gerry of Rhode Island, which would take half the incomes of persons receiving more than \$1,000,000 a year. Senator Gerry's amendment affects only very large incomes, like his own, while the Lenroot taxes apply more generally.

The Senate is now preparing to vote on the LaFollette plan of taxation, which would exempt only 20 per cent. of war profits from taxation, and sentiment in favor of it is growing stronger every hour. In fact, the whole debate on the LaFollette side is being conducted apparently upon the theory that the United States is not engaged in war and that any kind of a political experiment that will satisfy a majority of the voters at home, who are not rich people, is sound finance. If President Wilson is content to let these radical amendments prevail, without raising a hand in support of the Senate committee, controlled by his party, it may be taken as a foregone conclusion that the House, which is more radical than the Senate, although less skillful and intelligent, will snap up the heavy tax provisions gladly as the easiest method of advancing adjustment.

The administration apparently is committing itself without much reservation to the radicalism which are so rapidly changing the character of our fiscal legislation. Some of the soft coal men are said to be coming to Washington to protest against the rates fixed by the president on their products, and it is understood among government officials that they might as well remain at home. Prices for anthracite coal will be fixed soon, and a coal administrator will be appointed, perhaps to-day, to insure that they are enforced. It is understood that the next step in government control of prices will be the appointment of a copper administrator. Steel prices would be fixed in the same manner, were it not that the federal trade commission has discovered that the costs of production vary so widely that no uniform scale of prices can be established without too great danger of curtailing production. In the field of coal, some mines may be closed as a result of the price-fixing, but it is calculated that the losses from this source will not be sufficient to affect the supply materially.

The policy of fixing prices would appear to imply an intention to exert a sterner control over labor also, although it is noteworthy that wherever the government has intervened in a dispute as in the shipyard strike, wages have been increased.

Legislation for the elimination of the L. W. W. as a disturbing factor in the labor field has been proposed in Congress and must be given consideration as soon as the revenue bill is out of the way. In a striking address to the Senate yesterday, Senator Myers of Montana defended John D. Ryan, president of the Anaconda Copper company, against the "cruel and unjust" charges that he or his company is responsible for the strikes in the mining regions and showed that the American Federation of Labor and the Mine Workers' union have no sympathy with the methods or the demands of the L. W. W. The principle involved in the revenue bill is exceedingly important to the conduct of the war, for the proposed bond issues face a good many embarrassments already, owing to mistakes already made, and may be seriously endangered by too drastic tax legislation.

Lemons Beautify! Make Quarter Pint of Lotion, Cheap

Here is told how to prepare an inexpensive lemon lotion which can be used to bring back to any skin the sweet freshness, softness, whiteness and beauty.

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quarter pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold cream. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smoothen and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands, and see for yourself.—Adv.

MAKE YOURSELF STRONGER

People with strong constitutions escape many minor ills that make life miserable for others. Don't you envy the friend who does not know what a headache is, whose digestion is perfect and sleep undisturbed?

How far do you come from this description and have you ever made an earnest effort to strengthen your constitution, to build up your system to ward off disease and discomfort? Everyone cannot have perfect health but unless you have an organized disease it is generally possible to improve your physical condition by attention to the rules of health, the first of which is to keep the blood built up.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain just the elements needed to build up the blood and restore the lost color and vitality. New energy circulates through the system with the enriched blood, the heart stops its alarming palpitations, color returns to cheeks and lips.

Nothing more is needed except sunlight, good air, proper food and rest. If you do not know exactly what rules to follow in the matters write today to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for booklets on the blood and diet. Your own druggist sells Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

ARE UNCERTAIN ABOUT RUSSIA

Mystery Surrounding Nature of Official Dispatches Which Government Has Received Undispatched.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 24.—The situation in Russia continued the center of war interest here yesterday, with the mystery surrounding the nature of the official dispatches which the government has received from Petrograd within the past 48 hours still undispatched.

Whether the official advisers deal with the alarming need for immediate physical support of the new Russia by her allies, if she is to continue in the war in the face of a menacing military situation, was not established, as the officials continued their refusal to discuss their advice in any way whatever.

3 NEW ENGLANDERS GET WAR CROSSES

French Medal of Honor Awarded Them for Service in Ambulance Corps.

Paris, Aug. 24.—Three New Englanders were among the several members of the American ambulance field service who have been awarded the French war cross. They are Sydney Fairbanks of Cambridge, Mass., Langford Allen Little of Campton, R. I., and R. A. Drake of Franklin, N. H. Drake won his cross for driving through a barrage of gas shells.

THE MIGHTY MOTHER

By Henry Dwight Sedgwick of the Vigilantes.

Max Mull, the great Oriental scholar, in editing a friend's reminiscences of infancy, tells how one of the earliest incidents that friend could remember was how he first saw the stars. One night he felt cold, shivered and was frightened, his mother picked him up and hugged him in her arms, and pointed up to the shining stars. "I was full of admiration," said the friend, "and thought my mother had made them very pretty."

This serves as an allegory. Our mighty mother, America, takes her children in her arms, and allays their fears by pointing to the bright stars that crown the flag. When we are children we think that our mighty mother has made those stars as she has made them well. But when we are grown up, we know that the mighty mother is made up of ourselves, that her great heart is made up of all our hearts, and that the stars she points to are mere emblems of justice, righteousness, equality, fraternity, temperance, fortitude and whatever other virtues enoble humanity. The mighty mother longs to show these stars to all her children, whether they are born into cradles over here or whether they have emigrated from foreign lands; but the mighty mother can only do this if we, one and all, endow her with the strength and the will to do it.

It is our mother America who is now calling to us to make the stars upon our flag stand for real things. Now is the opportunity for all her sons to perform their mother's wish. Our first step is the bitterness of war; we must do all the seemingly inhuman acts that war imposes upon us. Then when the war shall be ended, and we can say to our mighty mother, behold, your children have brought you the ripe fruits harvested by the greatest sears of war, there are no more tears or kaisers in Europe, the peoples of Europe are all free men, no longer bound to commit acts of injustice at the bidding of selfish lords, but free to follow the kindly instincts of man.

Then the mighty mother will feel that she, too, is free; no longer threatened by foreign armies and navies, no more obliged to train her sons with sword and rifle, she will be free to work the works of human justice. And we, her children, may hope to see her gird up her loins for the great tasks of democracy: to abate the privileges of the favored classes, to repress luxury, to give all men greater opportunities for individual pursuit of happiness, to save waste by vast co-operative effort, to extend the spirit of democracy to all the greatest industries, railroads, shipping, petroleum, sugar, copper, iron and steel, lumber, agriculture, etc.

But before we enter the promised land we must cross the Red sea of war. The mighty mother will lead us on; from our strength she will draw in strength, from our purposes she will tighten her will, from our endurance she will be able to endure, from our resolve to conquer she will conquer, and from our going into this war not with hatred, but with pity, not for revenge but in order to help, we will be able to behave with kindness and affection to all the peoples of Europe.

O mighty mother, we dedicate ourselves to thee.

NORWAY YIELDS ON GRAIN ISSUE

Will Give Up 36,000 Tons for the Use of the Belgians

ACTION AT REQUEST OF UNITED STATES

Transportation of Grain Is to Be Furnished by Norway

Christiania, Aug. 24.—According to information received by the Norwegian government from the Nansen mission to the United States, the American government demanded that Norway, which had recently bought 47,000 tons of cereals in the United States, should give up 36,000 tons of wheat and rye for the benefit of Belgium. The rest, 11,000 tons of barley, was to go to Norway. The American measure is said to be due to the recent indiscriminate sinking of the Belgian relief commission's steamer, of which seventeen out of twenty-three were sent to the bottom. The United States further demands that 36,000 tons shall be handed over at cost price and transported to Belgium on ships chartered in Norway to carry the cereals home. The Norwegian government's advice from the Nansen mission said it had agreed to the United States demands.

HOW NATURE COVERS UP THE RAVAGES OF WARFARE

Flowers Grow in the Valley of the Ancre, and Birds Are There, Though the Woods Are Desolate.

The valley of the Ancre, which was so hideous last year when the trickle of the stream ran from one-half stagnant pool to another through a brown waste of shell-kneaded earth, is now all waving rushes dotted with meadowsweet and hemp, agrimony and purple loosestrife. In Avoyot wood the river tree stumps stand out against a background of acres of red rosebay. And so it is all over the battlefields of a year ago.

It is an old legend that roses never blow so red as over a hero's grave. I think it must be true of poppies. Norfolk poppyland itself can show no braver fields of scarlet than these year-old battlefields, and though it may be only fancy it seems that the sheets of color are richer and more unbroken where the fighting was fiercest. No where does the ground flame quite so brilliantly as around the Butte de Warlencourt, on the dreadful expanse above the Bazentin toward High Wood, and on the face of the Thiepval slope, where the Ulstermen passed on July 1. In these places the ground is all poppies for rods together. Elsewhere the scarlet is half veiled in the mist of flowering grasses, and mixed with them are a profusion of other blossoms, yellow ragwort, hawkweed, soft thistles and ladies' bedstraw, mauve scabious and purple vetch and knapweed, tall campanulas, blue chickory and viper's bugloss and cornflower, and nearer to the ground pale field convolvulus and pipernell, with everywhere, white yarrow and camomile.

No yard of all this ground but last year was plowed up by shells and beaten and plowed again, so that much of the soil which now lies on the surface must have been thrown up from two or three feet below, and then it was churned and churned again. Yet the grass and the flowers are as in any rich meadow at home and grow taller and more luxuriantly. There are no villages, no landmarks beyond the occasional patches of sparse tree stumps which once were woods, but only the wide-waving expanse, where there are no human beings, as if it were the heart of some new continent which man had but just discovered. All larger things were destroyed and swept away by war, and only the little things like plant seeds and insects' eggs were able to survive.

Rarely outside the tropics have I seen more butterflies than flutter over these wastes to-day, whites and tortoiseshells and peacocks and skippers and little cranbites moths. The kindly swallow-tails are here, too, but so far I have chanced this summer to see only one, and that was not among the flowers, but on the bare white summit of the Butte de Warlencourt when the king was there. The royal butterfly sailed round and round the little party and, as if recognizing kinship, more than once made as if to settle on the king while he stood looking at the graves of the gallant Durhams.

There are places where crops flourish, patches of an acre or more being covered with oats or barley or wheat, mixed with "weeds" certainly, but hardly less close and even than if they had been truly sown. One patch of barley (one almost inclines to call it a field) which I saw was especially fine, but all three are growing strongly between Longueval and Ginchy, where it seems impossible that they could have been sown last year. More likely, they survive from three summers ago, and self-seeded, they have held their own well against the wild things which riot around and among them. In one place I found a solitary potato plant, going strong, sprung presumably from some potato strayed from a German field kitchen.

Next to poppies the most abundant flower is camomile, and it alone seems to have been able to spring up and grow on the roads and beaten paths by which the enemy used to travel to and from his lines; so that, looking over the country, amid the deep green and waving velours, you can often trace the course of an old path where it runs like a pure white ribbon amid the sea of green and waving colors.

The woods remain desolate beyond

MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my housework, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from times to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, and will bring you health and may save your life.

imagination, even though in most of them grass and flowers have sprung up to cover the ground and shoots have risen from the old root. Above ground level hardly a tree has put out any new life, but the shattered trunks still stand bare and blackened. Nature finds a use, however, even for the shell scars on the wood, for sparrows have built their nests this year at the points where trees have splintered, so that untidy wisps of straw and stuff stick out from the jagged wounds. In Leuze wood a pair of crows have nested. Perhaps they thought that later in the year the tree would put forth leaves as usual; but as it is, the nest stands absurdly a landmark for a long distance around, as exposed as if it were on the top of a flagstaff or bare ship's mast. Near Clercy, amid the waste, a single post some three feet high stood up, and on the top of it I saw a mother warbler feeding a young cuckoo three times her own size.

But the strangest thing of all in nature's haste to hide the ravage of war seems to me the shell holes. As one wades through the deep herbage the lesser shell holes merely make the walking very difficult and uneven, for one's feet blunder among the shell holes, which are concealed by the growth, and trip over strands of barbed wire and unexploded shells and other things which are scattered everywhere out of sight. Many of the larger holes, however, still remain half filled with water. Around the edges of the water white butterflies, which are thirsty creatures, crowd to drink, and when you disturb them they rise in clouds till the air is full of them, like a snowstorm. In the water itself a luxuriant pond life has developed. Little whirligig beetles dance mazy dances on the surface, and water boatmen swim about and water scorpions and other things just as in any village pond at home. I have spoken before of frogs in the new shell holes on the Vimy ridge. But here, on the dry slopes of the Albert ridge, on the high ground, how has all this teeming life come into the shell holes of last summer?—London Times.

Why Not a Gasolineless Day?

Why should not men or women who are fortunate enough to own automobiles deny themselves for one day in seven the pleasure and service of these vehicles and contribute the gasoline thus saved (the quantity could be easily averaged) for the needs of our armies?

Gasoline is an immensely important necessity of war; the price is high, the supply is insufficient, and must become more and more insufficient with increasing war demands. Already experts tell us we are using three million barrels of crude oil every month in excess of our production!

And remember, it is gasoline that hurries ambulances to the wounded. It is gasoline that brings food to the soldier, ammunition to the guns. Without gasoline the French would have lost Verdun. And we Americans are wasting a million dollars worth of this precious stuff every day in joy riding! Why not cut out joy riding, vanity riding, all unnecessary riding? For our country's sake?

We could surely do this one day in seven and on that seventh day let our chauffeurs do gardening or drilling, or other patriotic work. Suppose a hundred thousand American chauffeurs were loaned to the government by public spirited car owners one day in seven for immediate work in aeroplane factories. Think what that might mean in these days of labor scarcity! It might mean a decisive victory in the air! It might end the war.—By Cleveland Moffett of the Vigilantes.

Japs Coming to Study.

Tokio, July 24.—Ten primary school superintendents selected from all parts of Japan will sail from Yokohama Sept. 19 for the United States. They are going to study the educational conditions in the leading cities of America, especially paying attention to education in war time. Most of the teachers are head masters of primary schools.

Infants—Mothers

Thousands testify
Horlick's
The Original
Malted Milk

Upbuilds and sustains the body
No Cooking or Milk required
Used for 1/2 of a Century
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

Topics of the Home and Household.

A piece of tape stitched along underneath the shoulder seams of sweaters will keep them from stretching off the shoulders.

When an album is handed down from generation to generation, the names of the persons represented by the pictures become forgotten and it is a wise thing to write names and dates on the back of each for reference.

Plant Food; Save Food; Can Food.

American kitchens waste enough food each year to feed the whole British army in France and several divisions of the French army.

It is estimated that the annual food waste in the United States amounts to \$700,000,000. This is believed to be a conservative estimate. Therefore, all we need to do to make certain supplying all food required and of winning the war is to cut out that waste.

It is entirely possible and feasible to do this. It is only a question of every man, woman and child in the United States becoming individually thrifty in the use of food.

Millions of young American men are preparing to sacrifice their lives, if need be, in the cause of victory. How much more willingly should all who are left at home practice the small sacrifice of using the little extra care necessary to make certain that no food is wasted? The military leaders of our nation and of our allies agree that the outcome of the war is a matter of food. This every little food saving, trivial and unimportant as it may seem, adds to the aggregate of the food supply which can make victory certain. Without thrift at home all the outpouring of blood on foreign battlefields may be in vain. Famine may be the great conqueror and the war may end in a surrender forced by starvation.

While hotels and restaurants are heavy offenders in the matter of wasting food, yet the chief contribution to the \$700,000,000 food loss is made in the kitchen of private homes. Good food is improperly handled and stored. It is carelessly cooked. It is wastefully prepared. It is over-generously provided. These are the chief causes of home food waste.

Extravagant cooks must learn how to use left-overs. Left-over cereals can be combined with meats, fruits, or vegetables to make appetizing side dishes. Even a spoonful of cereal is worth saving as a thickener for soup or gravy. Don't throw away stale bread, skim milk, sour milk, scraps of meat or fish, trimmed fats or suet, even the water used for cooking rice and many vegetables should be kept. Stale bread can be used in many ways, skim milk contains all the nourishing qualities of milk except fat; sour milk can be used in baking; meat and fish scraps add flavor and nourishment to made-over dishes; fat can be tried out and used as a substitute for butter and lard in cooking; while cooking water will help to flavor soups and sauces.

Keep food from exposure to heat, germs, dirt and flies and prevent the waste due to spoilage. Protect food from mice and insects. Keep milk cool and well covered. Find a use for vegetables that may decay. Stew fruits that threaten to spoil. If you have surplus food from the garden, can it.

Cook appetizingly. It puts a heavy strain even on patriotic duty, to eat scorched oatmeal, improperly seasoned potatoes, soggy or poorly flavored vegetables, overcooked fish and meat and burned fat. The cook who uses care to make dishes palatable is rendering a national service this year just as truly as is the soldier in the trenches.

Prepare food economically. A careless cook will waste 20 per cent. of a potato, a turnip, or an apple, in peeling it.

Finally guard against overabundance of food served. Too many dishes mean that much food is thrown away and wasted. Simplify your war menu; eat enough and no more. Make saving, rather than spending, your household motto. Don't be finicky, but be willing to try new dishes which the cook makes of left-overs or cheap foods.

Deborah Dexter.

GLORY

By Reginald Wright Kaufman of the Vigilantes.

I knew that hamlet well: a single street bordered with cottages, where faces sweet—

Wives at their household tasks, and mild old men Dreaming their younger yesterdays again In silent sunshine—smiled at everyone; Where, with the setting of the gentle sun,

The husbands from the fields came singing home, And where their children all day long would roam

Till evening, when the whispering poplars boughs Echoed the music of young lovers' vows.

A hundred years it had been so—and so I knew that hamlet one brief month ago.

Then I came back: a single house stood there;

The rest were smoke upon the August air The ruins in the obliterated road. A gray-garbed sentry through the ashes strode;

An old man's body, white hair splashed with red, Lay in the gutter; toward a blackened shed,

Flushed face aglow and savage lip acril, A death-grimed soldier dragged a little girl;

A strangled baby lay beside the stream; Far in the dusk I heard a woman's scream, And from the inn-porch, dark with blood and wine,

Roared forth the chorus of the "Wacht Am Rhein."

Wearing.

"Do you believe in this 'dage and grow thin' stuff?"

"Certainly; look at my soles."—Judge.

SANFORD'S GINGER

Gosh! but it's good for about everything that can ail you in the way of cramps, pains, colds, chills, indigestion, nervousness, and fatigue. Take it early and often. It's always healthful and helpful.

A delicious combination of ginger and aromatics for the relief of cramps, pains, colds, chills, weakness, nervousness and insomnia. Look for the Owl Trade Mark on the wrapper. Let you get a cheap, worthless or dangerous substitute. Forty-five years the standard of purity, flavor and strength. Sold by all druggists and grocers.

1,998 IN STATE K. OF C.

Annual Published Report Gives Entire Order 378,541 Members.

The annual published report of the Vermont state council of the Knights of Columbus gives a net gain of 46 in membership in the state's 12 sub-ordinate councils. In spite of 1916-1917 being an off year, owing to the high cost of living, etc., most of the branches gained. Fair Haven council, No. 810, and Leo council, No. 917, made the best showing, with 18 new members each. On May 1 of this year the order had in Vermont 591 insurance members and 1,407 associate, making 1,998 in all. This represented a gain in insured members of 24 and in associate of 24.

The Vermont council hopes to obtain the aid of the lecturers, Dr. James J. Walsh, David Goldstein and Peter Collins, who under the direction of the supreme officers addressed about 200,000 persons, the majority of whom were non-Catholics.

The report notes the work done on the Mexican border, for both Catholics and non-Catholics.

The supreme directors have voted, as already announced, to permit members to enter the army or navy without additional insurance fees.

The matter of having permanent homes, which is now the fixed policy in Vermont, has made headway, and Bennington council, No. 307, Rutland council, No. 232, and St. Albans council, No. 297, will have their own homes before this year is over.

The project of maintaining a degree team among the councils is still being agitated, and would have seen success this year but for the illness of the district deputy in charge.

The next convention will be held the second Tuesday of June, 1918, instead of the second Tuesday of May.

Submerged.

"Your son is in the navy!" "Yes, but it's slow progress; five years, and still a sub-marine."—Christian Register.

SALTED CORN.

Water-tight kegs or tubs, or crocks, may be used for salting corn.

Do not use any containers made of yellow or pitch pine.

Wash thoroughly and steam kegs, crocks or other containers to be used.